

Hymns & Verses

collected by

S. B.

F-46.205

B1275

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

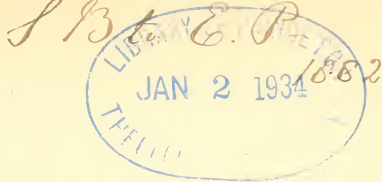
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
14350



31/60





Hymns and Verses

COLLECTED BY

S. B.

✓✓
Sarah Backhouse



LONDON :

S. HARRIS AND CO., 5, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT.
HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO., 32, PATER NOSTER ROW.

YORK :

WILLIAM SESSIONS, 15, LOW OUSEGATE.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/hyes00back>

PREFACE.

THESE Hymns and Verses were collected by my sister, Sarah Backhouse, most of them from the American Friends' Review, the rest from our own periodicals. She felt them to be a source of help and comfort during a long period of weakness, and had her life been prolonged, it was her intention to have published them, in the hope that they might prove so to others;—that this hope may be fulfilled is the earnest desire of her sister,

ELIZABETH BACKHOUSE.

HOLDGATE HOUSE.

4th month, 1878.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Seeds | 1 |
| “ Guiding Voices in the Desert ” | 3 |
| Who shall Roll Away the Stone ? | 7 |
| Out of Prison | 9 |
| Are they Trifles ? | 11 |
| Praise | 13 |
| John x. 14 | 14 |
| Be of Good Cheer—Be not Afraid | 16 |
| Jesus Knows | 18 |
| Breaking Stones upon the Road | 20 |
| Commit thy Way unto the Lord | 23 |
| Resignation | 25 |
| Resting | 26 |
| Labour On | 28 |
| Strength in Adversity | 30 |
| “ Ye cannot serve God and Mammon ” | 33 |
| The Voice in the Twilight | 34 |
| “ Bless me, and make me a Blessing ” | 38 |
| “ In whom all Fulness Dwells ” | 40 |
| Praying in Secret | 44 |
| Matthew v. 6 | 45 |
| “ Let not your Heart be Troubled ” | 47 |
| “ Good Tidings of Great Joy ” | 49 |
| Sowing | 53 |
| Why Fear for thy Brother ? | 54 |
| Rock of Ages | 56 |
| Simply Trusting | 58 |
| Job ii. 10 | 59 |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| Little Barbara's Hymn | 61 |
| Little Things | 64 |
| The Happy Choice | 66 |
| Under the Cloud | 68 |
| " So He giveth His beloved Sleep " | 70 |
| He Saved my Soul ! | 73 |
| Yet a Little While, | 74 |
| What I Bring | 75 |
| Jesus my All | 77 |
| The Altered Motto | 79 |
| The Colporteur | 81 |
| Sabbath Evening | 83 |
| Praise | 85 |
| Psalm x. 1 | 86 |
| On the Death of S. C. J. | 87 |
| The Clear Vision | 90 |
| Thy Trust | 92 |
| For the New Year | 94 |
| The First Hymn to Christ | 97 |
| " Talitha Cumi " | 99 |
| " Drawing Water " | 100 |
| " My Sheep Hear My Voice " | 102 |
| Little Lifters | 103 |
| Trust in the Lord | 105 |
| The Sea-side Well | 107 |
| The Pilgrim's Prayer | 109 |
| Compensation | 110 |
| He Knows | 113 |
| The Year | 115 |
| A Christian's Triumph | 116 |

“UNTO you that fear My Name shall the
Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his
wings.”

MALACHI IV. 2.

Hymns and Verses.

SEEDS.

WE are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill ;
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain ;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen ;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men ;

Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
 Flung at random on the air ;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
 Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
 Lifeless on the teeming mould ;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
 When the sower's hand is cold ;
By a whisper sow we blessings,
 By a breath we scatter strife ;
In our words and looks and actions
 Lie the seeds of death or life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
 Leave us not to sow alone !
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows
 Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
 Filled with mellow ripening ears—
Filled with fruit of life eternal
 From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passion,
Stay the hasty, heedless hand,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant land.
Father, help each weak endeavour,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till Thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

“GUIDING VOICES IN THE DESERT.”

WE tread a dangerous way, dark perils hover
Around the rugged path that leads to God ;
And poison lurks amid the flowers which cover
This world’s unshaven sod.

Faint and enfeebled, on the road we linger,
Spending our yet remaining strength in sighs ;
We trifle, and we need some beckoning finger
To point us to the skies.

And He who looks with pity on our anguish,
Hath sent His messengers in every time,
Bidding them comfort all the souls that languish
In earth's polluted clime.

From some lips fall the gentle words and holy,
Fresh, sweet as dew that droppeth on a flower ;
And spirits harsh, unconsciously and slowly,
Bind to their quiet power.

Others are fiery-tongued, bright pictures painting
With colours borrowed from the realms of light
To rouse the careless, and to lift the fainting,
And both to lead aright.

We do not well to slight the message spoken,
By sons of truth, however frail they be ;
Is not each sacred thought a pearly token
From love's great treasure sea ?

How many times a faithful voice has banished
The cares oppressive from a weary soul,
Will but be seen when all earth's lights have vanished.
And stars no longer roll.

O ! well we know whose love it is that sendeth
Precepts to guide and promises to cheer ;
O ! well we know whose power it is that bendeth,
The stubborn hearts which hear.

Not yours the praise, ye faithful, earnest-hearted,
Ye would not take it, and we will not give ;
It riseth up to Him, whose life-blood started
That we might ever live.

Yet ye shall have our prayers—for each true servant
The pleading dove on eager wing will soar,
And most for thee, O friend ! whose teaching fervent
Soon we shall hear no more.

Thou hast unwrapped for us the scroll of wonder,
Showing what earth-turned faces cannot see,
The strange, sweet mysteries of that kingdom yonder,
Whose citizens we be.

Thine be the work which God's own hand rewardeth,
Thine be the sleep which His beloved ones know ;
Thine be the path which the All-powerful guardeth
From every fear and foe.

O ! heart that o'er lost man feels quenchless yearning,
God spare thee yet to seek Him many years ;
Eye that weeps joy o'er prodigals returning,
God give thee cause for tears.

May each bright weaving of the gospel story
Deep lie within our hearts through life's long day,
Whilst all that cannot bring Jehovah glory,
Forgotten is for aye.

And if some ears have heard the sound of pardon,
But heeded not thy silver trumpet's blast,
O ! think, the very words which seemed to harden
May work them good at last.

This is the seed-time, wait thou for the reaping,
God will to heaven the precious harvest bear,
And thou, upraised on angels' hands whilst sleeping,
Shalt wake, and find it there.

M. J. H.

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

WHAT poor weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hearts of woe ;
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We too often ask with sighing
“ Who shall roll away the stone ? ”

Thus with care our spirits crushing
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song out-gushing
Rise, in rapture, Lord, to Thee :
For before the way was ended,
Oft we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from heaven descended
And have rolled away the stone.

Who Shall Roll Away the Stone ?

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us,
 Never pours on us its rain ;
Many a grief we see before us
 Never comes to give us pain.
Oft-times in the feared to-morrow
 Sunshine comes, the cloud has flown :
Ask not then in foolish sorrow,
 “ Who shall roll away the stone ? ”

Burden not thy soul with sadness,
 Make the wiser, better choice !
Tread the path of life with gladness,
 God doth bid thee, man, rejoice !
In to-day's bright sunshine basking,
 Leave to-morrow's cares alone ;
Spoil not present joys by asking
 “ Who shall roll away the stone ? ”

OUT OF PRISON.

THE apostle slept. A light shone in the prison ;
An angel touched his side.
“ Arise ! ” he said ; and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,
They heard no sound of feet :
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian’s eyelid droops and closes,
In nature’s parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes,
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay ;
From sin’s temptations and from life’s distresses
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind it hears Time's iron gates close faintly ;
It now is far from them ;
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk, weeping
The loss of one they love ;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow ;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro,

And saying as they meet, " Rejoice ! another,
Long waited for, is come ; "
The Saviour's heart is glad ; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

ARE THEY TRIFLES?

WHY do we speak of a "little thing,"
And "trifles light as air?"
Can aught be a trifle which helps to bring
One moment's joy or care?
The smallest seed in the fertile ground
Is the germ of a noble tree;
The lightest touch on a festering wound,
Is it not agony?

What is a trifle?—a thoughtless word,
Forgotten as soon as said?
Perchance its echo shall yet be heard,
When the speaker is with the dead.
That thoughtless word is a random dart,
And strikes we know not where!
It may rankle long in some tender heart—
Is it a trifle there?

Is it a trifle, the first false step
On the dizzy verge of sin?

'Tis treacherous ground, one little slip
 May plunge us headlong in ;
One light temptation, and we may wear
 Death's galling chain for aye ;
One little moment of heartfelt prayer
 May rend those bonds away.

Drops of water are little things,
 But they form a boundless sea ;
'Tis in little notes that the wild bird sings,
 Yet his song is melody.
Little voices, now scarcely heard,
 In heaven shall bear their part ;
And a little grave in the green churchyard
 Holds many a parent's heart.

Cease, then, to speak of a "little thing,"
 Which may give thy brother pain ;
Shun little sins, lest they haply bring
 The greater in their train.
Seize each occasion, however small,
 Of good which may be given :
So, when thou hearest thy Master's call,
 Thou shalt be "great in heaven."

PRAISE.

DEAR Redeemer, risen Lord,
I bless Thy holy name,
That through Thy death, to my poor soul
A free salvation came.

I thank Thee, Holy Spirit,
For Thy gentle voice within,—
For its promptings, its reprovings,
It's leadings forth from sin.

I thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
For these precious gifts of Thine,—
For Thy Son,—my blessed Saviour,—
For Thy Spirit, pure, divine.

O, my Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Heavenly Father, Three in One,—
I thank Thee, for all Thou'rt doing,
For all that thou hast done.

And I thank Thee, Holy One,
For that peaceful home on high,
Which sweetly gleameth, even now,
Before my spirit's eye.

O, ever to Thy holy name
Be thanks and praises given ;
For Thou art ever worthy,
Blest King of earth and heaven.

M. J. G.

JOHN X. 14.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed.
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet :—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed :

How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home upon His shoulder laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present,—each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear ;
All pensive memories as I journey on,
Longing for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future,—gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could confidence or hope afford
To tread that path, but this—Thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest not alone as God, all-knowing ;
As man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved ;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept and Thou hast loved ;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete,
Then, rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne
And follow on to know as I am known.

BE OF GOOD CHEER—BE NOT AFRAID.

WHEN the sky is dark and low'ring,
And the tempest raging high,
Billows swelling, breakers roaring,
Christian, fear not—God is nigh.

Tossed amid the wild commotion,
Winds nor waves can thee o'erwhelm ;
Thy frail bark shall stem the ocean—
Christ is sitting at the helm.

What though mighty waves are rolling,
And all human help is vain ?
There is One the storm controlling—
Over all thy God doth reign.

Child of God, thou'rt not forsaken ;
Thou art still thy Father's care ;
Let not faith in Him be shaken,
He doth hear and answer prayer.

'Tis in love that He doth chasten,
To draw closer to His breast ;
Stormy winds thy voyage hasten
To thy bright, eternal rest.

Soon shall end thy tribulation,
Soon shall dawn a brighter day,
Rest in Christ's sweet consolation,
“ Lo, I'm with thee all the way.”

Yes, in safety He will guide thee
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
He knows all that doth betide thee,
And will thy sure refuge be.

Even now the coast thou'rt nearing ;
Soon thy feet shall touch the strand ;
See the mountain tops appearing,
Bathed in light—Emmanuel's land.

ANON.

JESUS KNOWS.

Nor those alone whom Jesus bids,
 “Go *work* for Me to-day ;
Go point lost sinners to My cross,
 And tell them I’m the Way ;”
Oh ! not alone these chosen few
 The victor’s palm shall bear,
The gold-paved streets with rapture tread,
 And crowns of glory wear !

’Tis not alone when days are bright,
 And happiness complete,
When heaven seems bending low to bless,
 And life is full and sweet ;
Not then alone the loving Lord
 His heavenly blessings sheds ;
Not then alone the oil and wine
 Are poured upon our heads.

The *cheerful givers* are not *all*
 Among the rich of earth ;

The Master reckons not our gifts
By their intrinsic worth.
“ Give Me thy heart ! ” oh ! gracious word,
That I, too, may obey !
And glad I come, and at Thy feet,
My *life*, my *all*, I lay :

Content if Thou alone, my Lord,
My life of love shalt see ;
A life that finds its sweetest joy
In trusting all to Thee ;
A life whose secret springs are hid
In Thee, in Thee alone,
“ For the footstool of humility,
Sits close beside the throne.”

Others may gird their sandals on,
Christ’s heralds to become,
To tell the tale of wondrous love,
And lead lost sinners home :
But though He call me not to toil
Where any eye may see,
He noteth still the sparrow’s fall,
And He remembers me.

Then, dear Lord Christ, take Thou my hand,
For Thou art still the *Way*.
My eye of faith on Thee I fix,
And will not let it stray.
And if Thou bid'st me *go* or *stay*,
If friends be mine, or foes,
My humbled heart I'll lift to Thee,
And whisper, *Jesus knows*.

L. G. R.

BREAKING STONES UPON THE ROAD.

NEAR a path where stood embowered
Many a sumptuous abode,
Sat an old man, with a hammer
Breaking stones upon the road.

Curiously I oft had noted
How absorbed he seemed to be,
Heeding not life's busy pageant
Passing round him constantly.

“ Your’s must be an irksome business,
Void of interest, poorly paid—
Breaking stones from morn to even ”—
Once, inquiringly I said.

And his toil he did not slacken,
Move his head or raise his eye,
Keeping time with voice and hammer
As he briefly made reply ;

“ What you say about my calling
Would undoubtedly be true,
If my wants were great or many :
But my wants, thank God, are few.

“ To my mind, men do not differ
Very greatly, after all,
And ’tis little more than fancy
Makes us think one great or small.

“ To one end we all are toiling,
Varying only in the mode,
Making smooth the path before us—
Breaking stones upon the road !

Breaking Stones upon the Road.

“ All our boasted men of science,
Learned and wise as they may be,
Are, upon the road to knowledge,
Only breaking stones like me.

“ Are not men whose earnest preaching
Eases life of half its load—
Making plain the way to heaven—
Breaking stones upon the road ?

“ Skilled inventors, great explorers,
All our merchants—are not they,
For the brotherhood of nations,
Breaking stones upon the way ?

“ No ; men do not greatly differ,
High or low as they may be ;
All are, on life's various pathways,
Only breaking stones like me.”

This was all the old man uttered,
And, as I'd no more to say,
For the lesson he had taught me
Thanking him, I went away.

Often since, as I have pondered
O'er the old man's quaint conceit,
I have thought how very many
Of the busy throng we meet,

All their time and all their labour
On ambition's schemes bestowed
After all, like him, are only
Breaking stones upon the road !

COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD.

COMMIT thy way unto the Lord,
Trust in His gracious Power,
And He will help and strength afford
For every needful hour.
He'll succour thee in deep distress,
And guide thee through the wilderness.

What though the furnace heated be ?
He'll bid the flames retire,
And brighter will the gold become
That's purified by fire ;

'Till God's dear image, all Divine,
Reflected in thy heart shall shine.

Distrust Him not, nor doubt His plan,
His purpose all complete ;
And bring thy burden and thy care
And lay them at His feet,
And He will prove, e'en to the end,
Thy faithful Counsellor and Friend.

And brighter still thy path shall shine,
More glorious thy way ;
He'll lead thee through the darksome night
Unto the perfect day.
Thy cross and burden then laid down,
Thou shalt receive the promised crown ;

And there upon those golden shores
The song of triumph sing,
The blessed song of praise to God,
And Jesus Christ our King.
Thy tears all shed, thy trials o'er,
In Jesus' arms for evermore.

RESIGNATION.

I know not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath Divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board ;
 Above the raging of the gale
 I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite ;
 I shall not fall ;
 If sharp, 'tis short, if long, 'tis light,—
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land !
 The end is this ;
 And then with *Him* go hand in hand
 Far into bliss !

DEAN ALFORD.

RESTING.

(From the French of Th. Monod : “ Sur toi je me repose.”)

ON Thee my heart is resting :
 Ah ! this is rest indeed !
 What else, Almighty Saviour,
 Can a poor sinner need ?
 Thy light is all my wisdom,
 Thy love is all my stay ;

Our Father's home in glory
Draws nearer every day.
On Thee my heart is resting ;
Ah ! this is rest indeed !
What else, almighty Saviour,
Can a poor sinner need ?

Great is my guilt, but greater
The mercy Thou dost give ;
Thyself, a spotless offering,
Hast died that I should live.
With Thee my soul unfettered
Has risen from the dust ;
Thy blood is all my treasure ;
Thy word is all my trust.

Through me, Thou gentle Master,
Thy purposes fulfil :
I yield myself for ever
To Thy most holy will.
What though I be but weakness ?
My strength is not in me ;
The poorest of Thy people
Has all things, having Thee.

When clouds are darkest round me,
Thou, Lord, art then most near,
My drooping faith to quicken,
My weary soul to cheer.
Safe nestling in Thy bosom,
I gaze upon Thy face,
In vain my foes would drive me
From Thee, my hiding place.

'Tis Thou hast made me happy ;
'Tis Thou hast set me free.
To whom shall I give glory
For ever, but to Thee ?
Of earthly love and blessing
Should every stream run dry,
Thy grace shall still be with me—
'Thy grace to live and die !

LABOUR ON.

Go, labour on : spend and be spent ;
Thy joy to do thy Father's will.
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises—what are men ?

Go, labour on ; enough, while here,
If He should praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not, the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hasting on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights Time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderers to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold I come."

STRENGTH IN ADVERSITY.

Deut xxxiii. 25.

Pilgrim on life's rugged road,
Tearful, fainting 'neath thy load,
On thy Lord thy burden roll ;
He with strength renews thy soul ;
Hath not Jesus said to thee,
" As thy day, thy strength shall be ! "

In the bitterness of grief,
Though thy prayer find no relief ;
Bowed, forsaken and forlorn,
Though thy sighs prevent the morn,

Tarrying long, He comes at length,
To revive thy fainting strength !

Though thy Saviour long forbear,
He will hear His people's prayer !
What though He, when sorrowing sought,
Make as though He heard thee not ?
Watch, and without ceasing pray,
That thy strength be as thy day.

When temptation cometh in,
With a surging flood of sin,
And the burning billows swell
From the lowest deeps of hell ;
O my Saviour ! say to me,
“ As thy day, thy strength shall be ! ”

Some, distrustful of their Lord,
Fear to lean upon His word ;
One day, by the hand of Saul,
They are fearful they shall fall !
Still that word is sweet to me,
“ As thy day, thy strength shall be.”

What though His approach be late ?
It is good on God to wait :
He will prove His promise true,
By His gifts not small, nor few ;
His salvation thou shalt see,
“ As thy day thy strength shall be.”

When wild winds thy vessel sweep
O'er the dreary, boisterous deep,
And thy prostrate strength shall fail
As she drives before the gale.
Then cry mightily, and say,
“ Let my strength be as my day ! ”

Dark may be the midnight hour,
With Death's shadow covered o'er ;
Yet, how drear soe'er the night,
God hath said, “ Let there be light ! ”
Jesus can, if thou wilt pray,
Turn thy darkness into day.

ANDREW DICKENSON.

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON."

TRYING of earth to drink thy fill,
And yet to keep some hold on heaven,
Dost wonder thou art doubting still,
Without the joy of sin forgiven ?
List ! for the Saviour speaks to thee—
"Thou canst not serve the world and Me."

While trifles here possess thy heart,
For Him who asks thee for the whole
Thou still wouldst keep a little part.
That Friend who died to save thy soul
Now waits and whispers tenderly—
"Thou canst not serve the world and Me."

Canst thou resist this voice which pleads
With love and sorrow in its tone ?
Turn ! while a Saviour intercedes
For thee before His Father's throne.
At Jesus' name each knee must bow ;
Come, while He calls in mercy now.

Resign thy all unto the Lord
And He will satisfy thy need ;
The blessings by His hand outpour'd
On those who serve Him, far exceed
Aught that the wanderer will believe,
Aught that the worldling can conceive.

His arm will conquer every foe
When thou shalt follow Him alone ;
His fulness make thy heart o'erflow
When it is emptied of *thy own*.
Oh, waver not ! but humbly pray
For strength to cast the world away,
And serve God only, from this day.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I WAS sitting alone towards the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried ;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won :

"It is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble,"
I said : "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried,
But I'm sure when He sees such building,
He will never let it it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me ;
I knew 'twas the best she could do ;
But Oh ! what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue !

And yet—can you understand it ?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
“ Art thou tenderer for the little child,
Than I am tender for thee ? ”

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew ;

Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,—

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said to her,
“Dear child ! she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

“ And for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine ;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine.”

"Bless me, and make me a Blessing."

And then in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the Hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim ;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And my eyes are unto Him.

"BLESS ME, AND MAKE ME A BLESSING."

My Father ! many, many prayers
My heart has breathed to Thee ;
But this, when other words were weak,
Has sought Thee constantly ;
Whate'er Thou shalt deny, oh give
Thy blessing unto me.

I ask Thee not that fame or power
May make me high or great ;
Nor e'en that other joys than these
Around my path may wait,
Nor any earthly sphere or boon,
My spirit may elate.

No, Father, no ; I turn from all,
And only ask Thee now,
That Thy rich blessing ever be
Around me as a bow,
Thy precious peace within my heart,
Thy light upon my brow.

Seal me as Thine, and own me Lord,
Wherever I may go ;
Let all who know and love me here,
More of my Father know :
And grant that naught but love from mine
To other hearts may flow.

Make me a blessing ; Thou canst light
The eye with heavenly fire ;
And Thou this lisping tongue of mine,
With life-like words inspire ;

"In whom all Fulness Dwells."

Oh ! bless my mission every-where,
Grant me my heart's desire !

Oh ! that some spirit to Thy love
May through my prayers awake,
Some drooping sufferer cheerfully
The sacred pathway take ;
Make me a blessing, God of Love !
Bless me for Jesus' sake.

"IN WHOM ALL FULNESS DWELLS."

THE love of Jesus toucheth
This careless heart of mine ;
A light of purest radiance
Within its depths doth shine !
I cannot tell how lonely
And desolate it seems,
When some dark earth-cloud passing
Shuts out the heavenly beams.
Yet deep, and ever deeper
Doth this love of Jesus grow,
That at times it almost seemeth
My cup doth overflow.

The blood of Jesus cleanseth
My heart from every sin,
A fountain freely flowing,
To make me pure within.
Sometimes the Tempter whispers,
Can such be saved as I ?
Hath He indeed redeemed me,
And heard my feeble cry ?
But I cling to Him the closer,
And brokenly I plead
His own Almighty mercy,
And my exceeding need.

The joy of Jesus filleth
My heart with gladness true ;
It makes me calm in trouble,—
Yes, and thankful for it, too.
And though at times the pleasures
Of this poor earth awhile,
Seem to hide the heavenly radiance,
And the beauty of His smile ;
Yet I thank Him for the comfort
That in the thought doth lie :

"In whom all Fulness Dwells."

Though earth's joys may charm a moment,
Yet they *never* satisfy.

The strength of Jesus crowneth
Me daily for the fight ;
It clothes me in the battle,
And keeps my armour bright ;
And yet sometimes in weakness,
In an unguarded hour,
The Tempter takes advantage,
And I fall beneath his power ;
But when in Jesus trusting,
His strength my mighty shield,
I always am victorious,
A conquerer in the field.

The peace of Jesus floweth
On like some calm, deep river,
Which in its heaven-ward progress
Still floweth on for ever.
And though rough storms may threaten,
And the night-winds darkly roar,
Yet with purpose true it tendeth
To the far-off crystal shore.

Oh, this peace of Jesus passeth
All the world can give or know,
All the fairest day-dreams gilded
With earth's most brilliant glow.

The Name of Jesus bringeth
Glad comfort to mine ear ;
Its very sound is sweetness,
Of love, and hope, and cheer.
Upon my forehead written
I long that Name may be,
To testify to others
Of Him who died for me ;—
Him, whom my heart hath chosen,
Its Shepherd, Priest, and King,
Who of His fulness giveth,
Love, light, and everything.

LETA.

PRAYING IN SECRET.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my hands in secret prayer,
Within the close shut closet door.

There is a voiceless cloistered room
Within me, open every day ;
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul may enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thought,
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,
When folly wins the ear no more,
The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step approaching breaks
The blissful stillness of the place ;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

One listening, even, cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,
For He alone who hears my prayer
Has heard the shutting of the door.

“BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER
RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED.” Matt. v. 6.

EVEN *to-day*, the Lord of life and glory
 Waits to answer when His people call ;
Hast thou told Him all thy life's long story ?
 Hast thou brought thy sins, and left them all
Where the Shadow of His Cross is lying,
 O'er thy pathway cold and dark and drear ?
Dost thou plead the merit of His dying ?
 Dost thou pray, *believing* He will hear ?

Art thou “thirsty ?” Dost thou ask for water,
 Living water, from the fount on high ?
“Ask in faith,” and if thou dost not falter
 He *will* answer e'en this feeble cry.

Art thou “hungry ?” Is thy soul still standing
 By the table where His children feed ?
Lift thine eyes !—Thy gracious Lord is handing
 Unto *thee*, the “Bread” that thou dost need.

And already murmured sounds of blessing
 Part His lips. O, listen to His word—

While thou art thy many sins confessing,
Hast thou not that loving murmur heard ?
“ Righteousness,” thy hungry soul is craving,—
Be thy heart’s wild, *anxious* beating stilled,
In the fountain of His fulness laving,
He hath said, thou shalt be “ *cleansed*,” and
“ *filled*.”

Doth He *sell* this “ bread of life,” or “ water ? ”
Seeth He aught of *worthiness* in thee ?
Nay ! ’tis a “ free gift.” Each son and daughter
May receive it, if their faith be free.
Let not Satan *bind* thy faith, nor fetter
Down the trust which God doth freely give,
Though it seems but weak to thee, ’tis better
That by *use*, it should increase and live.

Living faith, which claims Him as *thy* Saviour,
Growing faith, which trusts Him more each day,
Will, from lip and heart, and in behaviour,
Show that thou art His in every way.
Canst thou trust Him with thy soul, my brother ?
Canst thou sister, thus His mercy prove ?
Will He turn from *thee* to aid another
Thou mayst think more *worthy* of His love ?

Nay ! Thy God is "reconciled," and willing
To receive thee—write thee down "forgiven,"
And, the anguish of thy spirit stilling,
Make thee meet for earth, and meet for Heaven.
With the white robe of His love around thee,
Resting on His mighty arm of power,
Breaking all the chains that once had bound thee,
Thou mayst glorify thy Lord, each hour.

A. B. T.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

John xiv. 1.

The world has words of evil
One may not choose but hear ;
For every line of safety
It has a rhyme of fear.
Yet on the ear that listens,
The Teacher's words may fall,
"Let not your heart be troubled,"—
And sweetly drown them all.

The brightest day may darken
With heavy clouds of care,

"Let not your Heart be Troubled."

And hope with drooping pinion,
Seem yielding to despair.
There is a soothing whisper
The saddest hour to cheer ;
"Let not your heart be troubled,"
The Comforter is near.

The past has left its sorrows,
The future bodeeth fears ;
In doubtful scales the present
Weighs out our smiles and tears.
One voice has power to silence
The heart's tempestuous sea ;
"Let not your heart be troubled,"
Believe in God and Me.

When weary of commotion,
And all life's battle-dust,
Where lust turns peace to striving
And beauty to disgust ;
Yet, though the earth be shaking,
This trust thy spirit fill :
"Let not your heart be troubled,"
Ye know that Heaven is still.

The wrong that is not righted
Shall fret the soul no more,
Weak prayers and vain complainings
Shall not be murmured o'er,
When full upon the spirit
Falls like a blessed psalm,
"Let not your heart be troubled,"
Be trustful and be calm.

C. E. P.

"GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

Luke ii. 10.

(Extracted from a small volume of hymns called "Thoughtful Hours," by H. H. L., author (in part) of "Hymns from the Land of Luther.")

We asked an Indian brother,* a warrior of old,
How first among his people the Glad Tidings had been
told?
How first the Morning Star arose on their long heathen
night,
Till souls who "sat in darkness" were rejoicing in the
light?

* John Tschop, one of the first converts of the Moravian Missionaries among the North American Indians. See Crantz' History.

And he answered, “Many a summer has come and gone since then,

Yet well I can remember—I can see it all again.

A teacher came among us from the country of your birth,

And told us of the living God, who made the heavens and earth ;—

But we asked if he had been a fool, or thought that we were so,

For who among our sons did not the *One* Great Spirit know ?

“So he left us :—and another told us much of sin and shame,

And how for sinners was prepared a lake of quenchless flame ;—

But we bade him teach these things at home, among the pale-faced men,

And if *they* learned the lesson right, we too would listen then.

“At last another stranger came, of calm and gentle mien,

“And eyes whose light seemed borrowed from yon blue the clouds between :

Still in my dreams I hear his voice, his smile I still can see,

Though many a summer he has slept beneath the cedar
tree !

“He told us of the Mighty One, the Lord of earth and
sky,

Who left His glory in the heavens for men to bleed
and die ;

Who loved poor Indian sinners still, and longed to gain
their love,

And be their Saviour here, and in His Father’s house
above.

“And when his tale was ended, ‘my friends,’ he gently
said,

‘I am weary with my journey, and would fain lay down
my head,’—

So beside our spears and arrows, he laid him down to
rest,

And slept as sweetly as the babe upon its mother’s
breast.

“Then we looked upon each other, and I whispered,
This is new,—

Yes, we have heard glad tidings, and that sleeper
knows them true ;

He knows he has a Friend above, or would he slumber
here,

With men of war around him, and the war-whoop in
his ear ?

“So we told him on the morrow, that he need not
journey on,

But stay and tell us further of that loving dying One.

And thus we heard of Jesus first, and felt the wondrous
power,

Which makes His people willing in His own accepted
hour.”

Thus spoke our Indian brother ; and deeply while we
heard,

One cheering lesson seemed impressed, and taught by
every word—

How hearts, whose echoes, silent long, no words of
terror move,

May answer from their inmost depths to the soft call
of *love*.

O, mighty love of Jesus ! what wonders thou hast
wrought !

What victories thou yet shalt gain, surpassing human
thought !

Let Faith and Hope speed forward unto earth’s re-
motest bound,

Till every tribe and nation shall have heard the joyful
sound.

SOWING.

“Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”—Gal. vi. 7.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?

They shall blossom bright ere long.

Are we sowing seeds of discord?

They shall ripen into wrong.

Are we sowing seeds of honour?

They shall bring forth golden grain.

Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?

They shall yet reap bitter pain.

Whatsoe’er our sowing be,

Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful

What the seed our hands shall sow;

Love from love is sure to ripen,

Hate from hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter

Heedlessly along our way;

But a glad or grievous fruitage

Waits us at the harvest day.

Whatsoe’er our sowing be,

Reaping, we its fruits must see.

WHY FEAR FOR THY BROTHER?

“Peter, seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?”

“Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee? Follow thou me.”—John xxi. 21, 22.

Why fear for thy brother?
Thy work and none other
Is pressing upon thee to-day;
Ere thou seek to conduct him,
To guide or instruct him,
Be sure *thou* knowest the way.

Thou but poorly discernest
How deep and how earnest
His love for his Saviour and Lord;
The founts of his feeling
Await their unsealing,
Not alone in the fulness of words.

The path he is treading
Unseen, may be leading

Through fresh fields of favour divine ;
His eye may be clearer,
His feet may be nearer
The city celestial, than thine.

Ah ! little thou knowest
How largely thou owest
The stature to which thou hast grown,
To his hushed prayers ascending
And fervently blending
With thine, at the heavenly throne.

Though he labour obscurely,
If singly and purely
He strive but to honour his Lord,
His burden shall lighten,
His pathway shall brighten,
In the smile of his Master's reward.

Thy work is before thee,
Soon, soon shall come o'er thee,
The gathering shades of the night.
Art thou willing and ready ?
Thy hand strong and steady ?
Thine armour all burnished and bright ?

ROCK OF AGES.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”

Thoughtlessly the maiden sang ;
Fell the words unconsciously

From her girlish, gleeful tongue.
Sung as little children sing,

Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune :

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Let me hide myself in Thee ;”

Felt her soul no need to hide !
Sweet the song as song could be
And she thought of nought beside.
All the words unheedingly

Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips, a prayer—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages cleft for me”—

’Twas a woman sang them now ;
Rose the song as storm tossed bird
Beats with weary wings the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—

Every syllable a prayer—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me”—

Lips grown aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—

Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim ;
“Let me hide myself in Thee,”

Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.

Sung as only they can sing

Who behold the promised rest—

Sung as only they can sing

Who life’s thorny path have pressed :

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”
Sung above a coffin lid,
Underneath, all restfully,
All life’s joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore , O, storm-tossed soul !
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows’ roll
Wilt thou need a place to hide.
Could the sightless sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer—
Still, aye still, the words would be,
“ Let me hide myself in Thee.”

SIMPLY TRUSTING.

My God, I do not fear
To yield myself to Thee ;
However strange Thy will appear,
It must be good for me.
O Father, kind, and wise, and strong,
Thy will can do no creature wrong.

The little babe at rest
 Becomes my minister ;
It lies upon its mother's breast,
 And leaves itself to her.
Ah, foolish babe, if it should dread
The heart that throbs beneath its head.

I do not fear to trust,
 My little all to Thee ;
Thy every motion must be just,
 To all the world and me.
Will as Thou wilt—my joy be still,
To kiss Thy sweet and sacred will !
 GEO. WADE ROBINSON.

JOB II. 10.

I have had my days of blessing,
All the joys of life possessing,
 Unnumbered they appear !
Then let faith and patience cheer me,
Now that trials gather near me !
 Where is life without a tear ?

“ Yes, O Lord ! a sinner looking
O’er the sins Thou art rebuking,
Must own Thy judgments light,
Surely I, so oft offending,
Must in humble patience bending,
Feel Thy chastisements are right.

“ Let me o’er transgression weeping,
Find the grace my soul is seeking ;
Receiving at Thy throne
Strength to meet each tribulation,
Looking for the great salvation,
Trusting in my God alone.

“ While, ’mid earthly tears and sighing,
Still to praise Thee, feebly trying,
Still clinging, Lord, to Thee.
Quietly on Thy love relying,
I am Thine—and, living, dying,
Surely all is well with me ”

C. F. GELLERT.

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

A mother stood by her spinning-wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel ;
As she counted the threads in the twilight dim,
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang in her own sweet voice, erelong :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

That night, in her dreams, as she sleeping lay,
Over and over the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread and the quaint old strain :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street ;
And up to her lips, as she passed along,
Rose the tender words of her mother's song :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and lone ;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer
As the gentle tones fell on his ear :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

Toiling all day in a crowded room,
A worker stood at her noisy loom :
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in :

“ Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

A mourner sat by her loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear ;

But her sobs were stilled, and her cheek grew dry
As she listened to Barbara, passing by :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain ;
The notes of the child were heard once more,
As she chanted low at his open door :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

Once again, as the day passed by,
And the shades of the evening-time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend or the carol of birds,
Came back to his thoughts those wholesome words :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

Alike in all hearts, as the years went on,
The infant's voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn little Barbara sang that day :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

Perhaps, when the labour of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens, one by one,
Forgetting forever these days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain :

“ Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake.”

LITTLE THINGS.

It was only a smile of welcome,
Or a whispered word of cheer ;
But it smoothed the path for the tired feet,
And lightened the load of care.

It was only a loving visit,
Perhaps but a loaf of bread ;
“ But ye visited Me ” will the Master say,
“ ’Twas your Lord whom ye clothed and fed.”

It was only a tender message
To a heart bowed down with woe :
But from that one seed by the wayside dropped,
Shall a harvest of blessings grow.

It was only a few words spoken,
We thought they were weak and poor ;
But they told of Christ and His wondrous love
As the guilt of the world He bore.

And the Lord from His height of glory
Hath listened our words to hear ;
For us is a book of remembrance kept,
And our names are engraven there.

It may not be ours to render
The service our hearts would crave ;
He may give us no words that shall win a soul,
Or a life from destruction save.

But often along the wayside,
As we journey life's rugged road,
We shall find some hearts that have need of help,
Who are fainting beneath their load.

And though small is the help we can offer,
If it only be offered in love,
It will carry a blessing to earth's sad ones,
And be known and remembered above.

And the dear Lord when He cometh,
Will bring us a great reward ;
“ Thou hast faithfully done the few things I gave,
Enter into the joy of thy Lord.”

S. M. H.

THE HAPPY CHOICE.

Luke x. 22.

Have I chosen Jesus ?
Then I'll not repine,
If some little portion
Of His cross be mine.

Have I chosen Jesus ?
Then, upon His breast,
Every weary longing
Soon will find its rest.

Have I chosen Jesus ?
Then I've nought to fear :
Satan cannot harm me
With my Saviour near.

Have I chosen Jesus ?

Griefs may come, and pain,
But I know His chastening
Will not be in vain.

Have I chosen Jesus ?

Then I need not grieve
Earth or earthly treasures
At His call to leave.

Have I chosen Jesus ?

Then I'll spend my days
Waiting for His coming,
Living to His praise.

Have I chosen Jesus ?

Dying I may sing,
"Swallowed up in victory,"
Death hath lost its sting !

Have I chosen Jesus ?

Well may I rejoice,
Since 'twas His own choosing
Led me to the choice.

Chosen, saved by Jesus !
Now He is my guide !
Can I fear He'll fail me,
When for me He died ?

UNDER THE CLOUD.

I Cor. x. 1.

Was there darkness while they stood there ?
Was there heavy gloom and night ?
Did they " grope as blind men " stumbling
In the dim, uncertain light ?
Read the record, see !—God tells us
How His glory shone around,
All the shades of night dispelling,
Making all seem " holy ground."
How by day, the glare was shaded,
And the tempered noontide heat
Made the desert wastes less dreary
To the many pilgrim feet,
As they journeyed forth, close guided,
Not by rulers cold and proud
But by Him, the Great Jehovah,
Close above them, in the cloud.

Was there darkness when the labour
Of "wise-hearted" men was done,
When the gifts of willing-hearted
Had been offered, one by one,
And accepted by the Master—
Who the smallest gift doth count—
And arranged by faithful servants,
To the pattern from the mount?
When the cloud came down and covered
All the tent, from roof to ground,
How each rich, warm tint grew brighter
As God's glory shone around.....
Think ye, gloom was on their spirits,
And a shadow on each face,
When Jehovah came so near them
And His glory "filled" the place?

Is there darkness on thy pathway?
Hast thou days of shade and gloom
Letting clouds of doubt enclose thee,
Cold and dark—a living tomb?
Lo, thy Master, close beside thee,
Would dispel for thee this fear;

Not humility, but weakness
Makes thee “walk in darkness” here.
“Weak in faith” thou missed His foot-prints ;
Hasten back ! ’Tis blest to stand
Close ’neath that o’ershining presence,
Guided by His loving hand.
Following Him, e’en desert pathways
Will grow brighter ’neath His tread,
And their very sands will glisten
With His guiding cloud o’erhead.

“SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

He sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is failing,
And listens to each complaint ;
He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown too steep ;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn out children
That sigh for the daylight’s close,

He knows that they oft are longing
For home and its sweet repose ;
So He calls them in from their labours
Ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o’er them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh ! so gently,
As a mother will hush to rest,
The babe that she softly pillows
So tenderly on her breast ;
Forgotten are now the trials
And sorrows that made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it ! Friends the dearest
Can never this boon bestow ;
But He touches the drooping eye-lids,
And placid the features grow :
Their foes may gather about them,
And storms may round them sweep,
But guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future,
All fears that oppressed to-day,
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight ;
Have noiselessly passed away ;
Nor call, nor clamour, can rouse them
From slumbers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over,
Weep not that their race is run ;
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our work like their's is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness,
Our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the calm assurance,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Written on the death of

J. M. WHITALL.

HE SAVED MY SOUL!

[THE CHRISTIAN UNION tells the incident of a backwoodsman, who, being a candidate for the Methodist ministry, was asked how he knew that Jesus was divine? "Why, bless you!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "He saved my *soul*!"

You ask me, brothers, how I know that Jesus is
divine!

The rather ask me how I know that yonder sun doth
shine!

The rather bid me tell you how I know that billows
roll,

Or winds sweep on from north to south! Why friends,
"He saved my soul!"

A wanderer from my Father's house, He took me by
the hand;

A mariner on raging seas, He guided me to land:

A weary, storm-tossed man, He came, and made me
like a child,

As hungry to receive the truth, as gentle and as mild.

Oh! ask me not my brethren, by language of the schools,
To tell you of this blessed truth, that overleaps all rules.

Oh ! ask me not, by measure of human speech, to prove
The glory and the miracle of Christ's transcendent
love !

He saved me ! saved me from myself, and saved me
from my sins,

And here, just in that precious truth, my paradise
begins ;

I know that Christ, the blessed one, is man and is
Divine,

I *know* because—oh ! brethren, hear !—he saved a soul
like mine !”

S. S. Times.

M. E. SANGSTER.

YET A LITTLE WHILE.

And is it so ? a little while,
And then the life undying,
The light of God's unclouded smile
The singing for the sighing !
A little while !—oh, glorious word !
Sweet solace of our sorrow,—
And then “ forever with the Lord,”
The everlasting morrow.

Then be it ours to journey on
In paths that He decrees us,
Where His own feet before have gone,—
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus ;
In lowly fellowship with Him
The cross appointed bearing :
For oh, a crown no grief can dim
One day we shall be wearing.

A little while ! and He shall come—
Light of our eyes, our longing :—
His own voice bid us welcome, home ;
And we, His people, thronging,
Shall rest our hearts in His embrace ;
Dear Refuge— ours forever !—
Look upward to His blessed face
And fear its hiding never !

WHAT I BRING.

I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once-opened fount.

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee ;
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee ;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all from me.
O, loving Saviour ! now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O, suffering Saviour ! all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer Heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own ;
O, Saviour ! let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone !
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

JESUS MY ALL.

Jesus is my God and Saviour,
Jesus is my Priest and King,
Jesus is my Friend and Brother,
And to Jesus I will cling.

I will throw my arms about Him,
I will lean upon His breast,
For I'm often sad and weary,
Fainting oft and needing rest.

He will bear my burdens for me,
My transgressions will forgive,
Heal the wounded heart of sorrow,
Make the dying soul to live.

Oh, what mercy, what compassion,
Must have filled His loving breast
When He left His home in glory,
Thus to make the sinner blest.

Bow, my soul, in adoration,
Low before His blessed Throne,
He who brings thee such salvation
Should be praised, and He alone.

Through the fire, and through the water,
He has brought me safe along,
He has been my strength in weakness,
He has been my shield and song.

Shall I ever sorely grieve Him
By repeated acts of sin ?
Shall I turn away in sorrow
When He bids me enter in ?

No, my Saviour with Thy blessing
I will leave each sinful way,
I will bear the cross Thou givest,
'Till the breaking of the day.

Take my hand, then, dear Redeemer,
Lead me o'er the thorny road,
Gently onward, safely upward,
To the mansion of my God.

H. E. C., MUSCATINE.

THE ALTERED MOTTO.

Oh ! the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered ;
“ All of self, and none of Thee.”

Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father !"
And my wistful heart said faintly ;
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet, and strong, and ah ! so patient !
Brought me lower, while I whispered :
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered ;
Grant me now my soul's desire
"None of self and all of Thee."

PASTEUR THEODORE MONOD.

THE COLPORTEUR.

(Found in the Bible of an aged Christian after her decease.)

The mountaineer, from his cabin door,
Looked out on the morning sun :
He thought of the might of his own glad youth,
And his race now almost run :
How paltry the gain his toil had earned,
In life's most active stage ;
And felt that his day was darkening down
To a sad and hopeless age.

A stranger ascended the rugged path,
Emerged from the dewy wood ;
With a friendly smile and a word of cheer,
By the cabin door he stood.
He seated himself by the aged man,
His words were grave and kind ;
And the light that beamed on his youthful cheek
Was the light of a happy mind.

“Thou grievest of thy silvery hairs,
And thy manly frame unstrung ;
But I come to tell of a happier land,
Where thy arm shall yet be young—
Where thy soul shall exult in a purer good
Than it knew in thy early days ;
For a pardon is bought for thy darkest sin,
And its price is faith and praise ;
And thou canst love the One, who shed
His blood to ransom thee.”

He paused ; for the strife of old with new
On that face was plain to see.

“Oh, tell me more of thy gladsome news,”
Said the grey-haired man of toil ;
“For thy words are sinking into my heart,
Like rain in the parchèd soil.”
The youth rejoiced with a holy joy,
As he heard that earnest prayer ;
For he knew that the spirit of God was nigh—
That a soul was struggling there.

“Too feeble is tongue of mine to reveal
The goodness of the Lord ;

But read in this book, and thy soul shall hear
His own almighty word.”
Like a son, he has pressed the extended hand,
And gone on his mountain way :
There are more to be won—a work to be done,
Which must be done to-day.

But he has told in that humble abode,
A truth that will never die ;
Has opened a vision of faith and hope,
Which extends beyond the sky.
And the truth has kindled in sinking age
A life that will never cease,
But unfold in the ever expanding soul
The riches of love and peace.

SABBATH EVENING.

Gracious Lord, we humbly thank Thee,
For the mercy shown to-day ;
Thou hast led our souls to worship,
Thou hast given us strength to pray :

Thou hast made us plead Thy promise,
More abundant grace to grant,
Passing all our expectation,
All our knowledge of our want.

To the all unbounded sources
Of Thy everlasting grace
We repaired, and blest discovery !
Lo, we found Thy dwelling-place !

Not a word was by us spoken,
Not a sound of praise or prayer,
But the homage of the broken
And the contrite heart was there.

Let us not despise the offering,
Which the Lord accepts indeed,
He in His abounding mercy,
We in poverty and need.

Let us thus for ever seek Him
Daily wait for daily bread,
And our souls with living substance
Shall abundantly be fed.

PRAISE.

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet ;
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

I thank Thee for the desert road,
And for the river side ;
For all Thy goodness has bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for the smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss ;
I bless Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

I praise thee for the wing of love
Which stirred my worldly nest ;
And for the stormy cloud which drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the exceeding joy ;
And for this calm and settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

WHY STANDEST THOU AFAR OFF, O LORD ?
WHY HIDEST THOU THYSELF IN TIMES OF TROUBLE ?

Psalm x. 1.

Lord ! we know that Thou art near us,
Though Thou seem to hide Thy face :
And are sure that Thou dost hear us,
Though no answer we embrace.

Not one promise shall miscarry ;
Not one blessing come too late ;
Though the vision long may tarry,
Give us patience, Lord, to wait.

While withholding, Thou art giving
In Thine own appointed way ;
And while waiting, we're receiving
Blessings suited to our day.

Oh ! the wondrous loving-kindness,
Planning, working out of sight !
Bearing with us in our blindness ;
Out of darkness bringing light.

Weaving blessings out of trials ;
Out of grief evolving bliss ;
Answering prayer by wise denials,
When Thy children ask amiss.

And when faith shall end in vision,
And when prayer is lost in praise,
Then shall love in full fruition,
Show how just are all Thy ways.

ON THE DEATH OF S. C. J. AFTER A LONG
AND PAINFUL ILLNESS.

In the hush of this still chamber,
Whence a soul has been set free,
Teach us, Lord, the holy lessons
We would humbly ask of Thee.

Long we watched the fearful combat,
Life and death in mortal strife;
Life to death the body yielded,
Death the spirit yields to life.

Now beside the silent threshold,
Moistened with affliction's tear,
Over which have passed the footsteps
Of a friend so true, so dear.

We would not these mysteries fathom,
Nor the heights of glory scale ;
Only catch the heavenly radiance
Coming through the rended veil.

Not for her we doubt or question ;
Thro' these weary months of pain,
Faith has conquered, grace has triumphed,
Till the last great foe is slain.

But for us, permit, O Father,
In this holy hour and place,
That our faith may learn more deeply
Of the wonders of Thy grace.

Let Thy ways of higher dealing
More and more be understood,
Making human pain and suffering
Work out an eternal good.

Let Thy sweetest consolations
To these stricken hearts be given :
Soothing all their loss and sorrow,
With the recompense of heaven.

One less here to love and cheer us,
With a proved unchanging love ;
One more added to the dear ones
In our Father's house above.

One less here to join our worship,
And the fervent prayer to raise ;
One more there to join the ransomed,
In the ceaseless song of praise.

In her life, so pure and stainless,
She did own and serve her Lord ;
As she to His lowliest children,
Ministered by deed and word.

In her death, when flesh was failing,
And the summons tarried long,
Blessed hope and home in heaven
Were the burden of her song.

J. B., IOWA.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I did but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue.

Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O earth ! with gladness overfraught,
No added charm thy face hath found ;
Within my heart the change has wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the blue-birds wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and windflowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind ;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
Thy world, O Father ! hath not wronged
With loss the life by Thee prolonged ;

But still, with every added year,
More beautiful Thy works appear !

As Thou hast made Thy world without,
 Make Thou more fair my world within,
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt,
 Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life, with love to Thee and man ;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best !

J. G. WHITTIER.

THY TRUST.

O Christian ! looking Heavenward to inherit
 The treasures garnered there from moth and rust,
How dost thou keep the gift, of precious merit,
 The Master hath committed to thy trust ?

Whate'er its worth, a kingdom or a pittance,
 The gift is much to thee, for on its care
And sacred keeping hangs thy soul's admittance
 To days of praise beyond these nights of prayer.

So then neglect it not, but use it rather
In ^{*}service for thy God and fellow men ;
Then canst thou, when He comes, His own to gather,
Return it richer to His hand again.

The morning must not break and find thee sleeping,
The night must never meet thee unaware :
Slack not thy toil, and in the time of reaping,
The balm of peace shall blossom everywhere.

Keep watch and ward to guard thy mouth securely,
Lest even thy friend thy counsels undermine,
No soul howe'er endowed can fathom surely
The wealth enshrined within the depths of thine.

Therefore cast not its pearls in common places,
Lest they be trampled by unmindful herds ;
The brook, o'erflowing, leaves disastrous traces,
And thou shalt suffer loss from wasted words.

But when the Lord shall tell thee to deliver,
The message He has spoken in thy soul,
Like seasoned arrows from anointed quiver,
Send forth His truth, nor fear to send the whole.

Though friend desert thee for thy honest thinking,
Though foe denounce thee with a lip unjust,
Still each unwelcome cup God fills thee drinking,
Keep that which is committed to *thy* trust.

Nor yet in self-denial must thou glory,
As though approved before the race is run :
Go till thy ground—its fruit shall tell the story—
And meekly wait for God to say “well done.”

FRANCES E. POPE.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I stood on the brink of the closing year,
And mused on its loss and gain ;
Its seasons of joy and of calm content,
Of sorrow and weary pain.

Of some of its paths I could see the end,
Could trace the designing hand ;
While others were shrouded in mist and gloom,
And looked all confused, unplanned.

And thinking of all that might be beyond,
I cried in my dark dismay—
Oh ! Saviour, I hardly know where Thou art,
And how can I know the way ?

I tremble to think of the future scene,
The road that is new to me :
For how can I tell where its course may be,
Or what shall its issue be ?

And soft through the stillness the answer came,
Pronounced by no mortal voice ;
I listened with awe to the whispered words,
Which made all my heart rejoice—

“ Have I been abiding so long with thee,
And yet hast thou never known,
That I am the way which thou hast to tread ?
The end is the Father’s Throne.

“ Tis I who have given Myself to thee,
In whom thou mayst still abide ;
Then *walk* thou in Me, as thy path through life ;
Thy refuge whate’er betide.”

Yes, thus can I meet it in fearless peace,
The coming, unknown New Year ;
I stand on its threshold, but dread it not,
If Jesus will be so near.

I know it will be by a perfect way
I travel life's journey through,
If hidden in Him who is perfect Love,
And perfect in wisdom too.

Himself the Director, Himself the Road ;
What joy can this knowledge give.
My Way its beginning, its end, its all,
Is Jesus, in whom I live.

Here on His perfection I take my stand,
“ Who all things performs for me.”
Assured, since my God, is a perfect God,
That perfect His work will be.

ANNIE W. MARSTON.

THE FIRST HYMN TO CHRIST.

(Translated for the Evangelical Alliance from the Greek of
Clement of Alexandria, by Edward P. Weston.)

Christ ! of tender lambs the Leader,
Shelter of each nestling bird,
Of our young the Guide and Pleader,
Let our song to Thee be heard :
While sweet praises each voice raises
To the everlasting Word.

King of saints, the all-prevailing
Message of the Father's grace,
Lord of wisdom, grief-assailing
Saviour of our mortal race ;
Shepherd Jesus, guide and lead us
To Thy heavenly pasture-place !

Fisher in the sea of mortals,
Whom Thy grace alone can save,
Luring us from sin's dark portals,
Luring from the hostile wave :

The First Hymn to Christ.

With Thy life so sweet and tender,
Save Thy saints, O Christ, we crave.

Lead O King, to life eternal,
In the footsteps Thou hast trod,
In the heavenly way supernal,
Strength of those who worship God ;
Fount of mercy, virtue's Author,
Lead us with Thy staff and rod.

For Thy lowly life of teaching
Find Thou here Thy blest reward,
While the children, heavenward reaching,
Sing the praises of their Lord ;
Children tender, their Defender
Praising in divine accord !

NOTE—The hymn here translated is claimed to be earlier than the time of Clement, in whose writings it is recorded. Many modern hymns to Christ are richer in the graces of sacred melody ; but there is much in this to interest the reader, as the earliest hymn of praise to the Divine Redeemer known to the Christian world. The translation is as nearly literal as the exigences of English verse allow.

E. P. W.

“TALITHA CUMI.”

“Talitha Cumi!” the mother said,
As she bent o’er her darling’s tiny bed,
And the baby opened her dreamy eyes,
And gazed on her mother with glad surprise.

“Talitha Cumi!” the words so dear,
And words that the little one loved to hear,
So gently the spell of her slumber broke,
That the baby smiled as the mother spoke.

“Talitha Cumi!” The well-known word
Of tenderest greeting, the maiden heard,
As Jesus bent over the little bed,
And laid His hand on the sleeper’s head.

“Talitha Cumi!” “My little lamb!”
At the gentle summons the spirit came;
And the power of death in the dust was laid
When the Saviour spoke to the little maid.

“Talitha Cumi!” The words of love
Will come to the sleeper from Christ above;
And the perfect love which can know no fear
Will answer with rapture the words so dear.

“Talitha Cumi!” Arise my child!
The way has been rough and the night been wild,
But the morning has dawned of endless day,
Rise up my fair one and come away!”

“Talitha Cumi!” We shall not fear,
When the death-sleep ends with the words we hear,
And the light of eternity breaks at last,
When the Saviour speaks as in days gone past.

C. B.

“DRAWING WATER.”

I have drunk with lips unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst,
I have hewn out “broken cisterns,”
But they mocked my spirit’s thirst.

“ Oh ! ” I said, “ life’s cold and dreary,
Being, comfortless and dry,
And God will not give me water,
Tho’ I pray, and faint, and die.”

Spoke there then a Friend and Brother :
“ Rise and roll the stone away,
There are wells of water hidden
In thy pathway every day.”

Then I felt my life was sinful,
Very sinful, to my speech,
All the wells of God’s salvation
Were too deep for me to reach.

Still He answered, “ rise and labour
Doubts and idleness are death ;
Hew thee out a *goodly* cistern
With the mighty arm of faith.”

So I wrought, and shaped a vessel,
Then bent lowly, kneeling there,
And I drew up living water,
With the Golden chain of Prayer.

“MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE.”

It is Thy voice that floats above the din,
Clear as a silver bell ;
We hear Thee, Saviour, through the strife of sin,
Thy servants heed Thee well :
Beyond all others, through the upper air
That voice comes pure and sweet,
Like chimes, that from a steeple tall and fair,
Break o'er the clamorous street.

Not all, O Lord, may walk erect, and know
The music of that sound ;
Some cannot hear Thee till their heads are low,
Ay, level with the ground !
And yet, for them, heart humbled and alone,
Spurned as the crowds go by,
There is a power in the royal tone
To set them up on high.

Thy sheep shall hear thy voice—on plain or hill,
Through flood or wilderness,

In the green pastures, by the waters still,
In joy, or sharp distress,
Thy call will reach them—sometimes loud and near,
Then faint and far away ;
O Thou good Shepherd, grant that heart and ear,
May listen and obey !

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

LITTLE LIFTERS.

“Bear ye one another’s burdens.”

Did you know, my darling children
There was work for you to do,
As you tread Life’s flowery pathway,
’Neath skies of brightest blue ?
Your tiny hands so feeble,
May powerless appear,
But they often lighten burdens,
The strongest scarce can bear.

You all are “Little Lifters”
Who with loving zeal will try

To help the weak and weary,
And dry the tearful eye ;
And though you lift but little,
Faint not but lift again,
The hardest rock is worn away
By the constant dripping rain.

And when you sing to baby,
Till he gently falls asleep ;
Or comfort little sister
Till her blue eyes cease to weep,
Or tie up Johnnie's shoe-strings
And brush his tangled hair ;
You are lifting mother's burdens,
And shielding her from care.

And when father, tired and weary,
Comes home to rest at night,
Draw up for him the easy chair
And make the fire burn bright.
Though small the deeds of kindness,
And low the words of love,
The recording angel writes them
In glowing lines above.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

“Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.”

Though dark and drear the path of life,
And thorny be the way,
And every earthly prop removed
On which thy soul can stay ;
Though Hope's bright star should dimly burn,
And faith be sorely tried,
Remember Jesus is thy Friend,
And in His love confide.

His everlasting arm is near
And will prevent thy fall,
His ever gracious ear is bent
To hear thy faintest call ;
No sigh is breathed, no tear is shed,
But He will hear and see,
He's speaking to thy faithless soul—
“ Fear not, but trust in me.”

He'll turn thy darkness into light ;
And make thy bitter sweet,
With shoes of iron and of brass
Protect thy weary feet ;
And thou shalt walk and shalt not faint,
Shalt run, nor weary be,
For there is light, and there is joy,
And there is peace for thee.

Then look not back upon the past,
Nor scenes of grief recall,
And trust the future in His hands,
Whose love is over all ;
The present hour is only thine,
In praise that hour employ,
All the foes surrounding thee
Cannot thy faith destroy.

'Tis not by power, nor yet by might,
The mighty foe we quell,
But by the Spirit of the Lord,
Who doeth all things well ;
Then take the weapon that He gives,
Though but a sling and stone,

And bravely to the battle go,
And trust in God alone.

H. E. C.

THE SEA-SIDE WELL.

“Waters flowed over mine head ; then I said, I am cut off.”
Lam. iii. 54.

One day I wandered where the salt-sea tide
Backward had drawn its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hill-side
To wild flowers gave.
Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And 'mid its pebbles stray'd,
As if it thought to join a happy brook
In some green glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more ;
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.
Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud
Or life in the grave's gloom,

The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud,
Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wandered where the salt-sea tide
Withdrew its wave.

And there unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone,
Still, as it thought some happy brook to meet,
The spring flowed on.

While waves of bitterness rolled o'er its head,
Its heart had folded deep
Within itself, and quiet fancies fed,
As in a sleep ;
Till when the ocean loosed its heavy chain,
And gave it back to day,
Calmly it turned to its own life again
And gentle way.

Happy, I thought, that which can draw its life
Deep from the nether springs,
Safe 'neath the pressure, tranquil 'neath the strife
Of surface things.

Safe—for the sources of the nether springs
Up in the far hills lie ;
Calm—for the life its power and freshness brings
Down from the sky.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

I go on pilgrimage. The road in view,
Lies fair revealed,
But, when the sun shall drink the way-side dew,
Be Thou my shield !

The soft wind shifts, and lo ! grey mists of doubt
My pathway hide.
With bruised feet and hands I grope about ;
Be Thou my guide !

Now tempests rise, and o'er the wide-swept way
To 'scape the shock,
Seeking some covert vainly as I stray,
Be Thou my rock !

Though after storm, stealing through sun-touched rift,
Calm comes at length,
O'erborne and prone, mine eyes I may not lift ;
Be Thou my strength !

One draught from Thy life-giving fountain send
And let me quaff—
Refreshed, I'll gird me for the journey's end ;
Be Thou my Staff !

When pilgrimage is o'er, and life's day lies
Low in the west—
While the night shadows dim my weary eyes,
Be Thou my rest !

ELSIE GORHAM.

COMPENSATION.

Tears wash away the atoms in the eye
That smarted for a day.
Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendours of the sky
The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door
That promises release.

No solitude so drear but yields its store
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun
With love and power untold.

No time so dark but through its woof there run
Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tossed centuries burn,
In changing calm and strife,
The Pharos lights of truth, where'er we turn—
The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love Supreme ! O Providence Divine !
What self-adjusting springs
Of law and life—what even scales are thine—
What sure-returning wings.

Of hopes and joys, that flit like birds away,
When chilling autumn blows
But come again, long ere the buds of Spring
Their rosy lips uncloset !

What wondrous play of mood and accident
Through shifting days and years ;
What fresh returns of vigour overspent
In feverish dreams and fears.

What wholesome air of conscience and of thought
When doubts and fears oppress.
What vistas opening to the gates we sought
Beyond the wilderness—

Beyond the narrow cells, where, self-involved,
Like chrysalids we wait
The unknown births—the mysteries unsolved,
Of death and change and fate.

O Light Divine ! we need no fuller test
That all is ordered well.
We know enough to trust that all is best
Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

C. P. CRANCH.

HE KNOWS.

I know not what will befall me ! God hangs a mist o'er
my eyes ;
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new
scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad
surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the
year,
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His
mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as
I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitterness than
I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to
drink,
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its
brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strange-
ly sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I cannot
speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance ! 'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom that loves me
so.

So I go on not knowing ! I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk on in the dark with God, than go
alone in the light ;
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone
by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may
disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow, but what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back, with the whispered
word, " He knows."

THE YEAR.

Lord ! at the closing of the year,
 We turn our thoughts above,
Longing to render heartfelt thanks,
 For all Thy wondrous love.

Throughout the year, we know that Thou
 Hast guarded all our ways,
Unnumbered tokens of Thy love
 Have crowned our peaceful days.

And though in sinfulness we strayed,
 And did deserve Thy wrath ;
Thy loving kindness followed us,
 And brought us to the path.

And when because of Thy great love,
 Afflictions thou didst send,
Thou wast Thyself the comforter,
 The “ present help ” and Friend !

So Lord throughout the coming year,
O keep us near Thy side,
Thou knows't we cannot go alone
Be Thou our only guide!

T.

A CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH.

The following lines almost literally embody the last words of that aged Christian, Dr. Richard Hopkins, of Elkridge, Maryland.

“I know not I shall feel as now,
When Death's embrace,
Shall cast its shadow o'er my brow,
My form and face.

“I only know I feel within
The seal of peace—
And trust that, undefiled by sin
When life shall cease,

“My soul, now filled with joy and love,
(O, can it be?)
Shall rise from earth to heaven above,
My Lord to see.

“My sins were like the billowy tide,
Many and deep ;—
I had no light, no hope, no guide,—
I could but weep.

“’Twas then, even *then*, my Saviour’s love
Pure, full and free ;
Bright sunbeam from the courts above
Shone over me.

“And all my sins were washed away ;
The heavens above,
Earth, trees, and flowers on that bright day
Seemed full of love.

“And ‘God is love,’ and I am His,—
It is no dream,
Come, fellow-travellers, taste of this
Life giving stream.

“I feel no fear, a hero I
Am surely now ;
This—this is Death—he draweth nigh,—
How cold my brow !

“I’m almost home. My Saviour calls,—
The way, the truth—
Down with these old partition walls;
Henceforth immortal youth.”

’Twas thus an aged Christian spoke,
While nearing heaven,
When suddenly life’s chain was broke,
The last link riven.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
The untold bliss,
The convoy bright, the words of cheer,
That then were his.

WAYNESVILLE, OHIO.

R. H. H.



Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, which is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through. Visible fragments include "The", "of", and "by".

